

Blinded: In The Dark

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Summary: Reasons that Daryl couldn't understand, he felt the desire to give her everything she wanted. It was getting harder and harder for him to say no to her.

1. Chapter 1

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It had been a few days since Daryl Dixon and Beth Greene had arrived at the mortuary. With the less traveling and lessened stress for finding shelter from the walkers, it was easier for them to take hold of time.

They didn't feel the need to be on the run, nor did they feel the need to constantly have to keep their eyes open eighteen hours a day. Although it was simple to tell when the days started and ended with the signs of dawn and dusk; however, the world almost appeared to be night all the time to Daryl and Beth.

Now that they settled in a seemingly normal home like the mortuary with the ironic scene of a graveyard for a front yard, they knew how important the prison was even more so then before.

"You know what are the one things I miss the most Daryl?" The angelic green-eyed girl asked while scribbling something down in her small notebook, as the muscular tracker was chopping logs to further seal up the house for protection.

Daryl landed another blow to a long log with the axe he found hidden inside of the mortuary. He grunted roughly in reply to Beth, "What?"

They were in the woods just beyond the road from the house. Beth was sitting on a log that was already dealt with since Daryl did not want

her help with the hard work due to her ankle.

"It's something trivialâ€|" Beth murmured while continuing to write in her entry.

Daryl picked up a heavy log in his sculpted arm to carry it over to the pile next to Beth, "Well what is it?"

Beth smiled slightly at her answer, "I miss washing my face before I go to bed and wake up. I miss taking showersâ€|"

It was something trivial to Daryl, considering Daryl was a person to constantly travel and at times would go on for days without properly showering even before The Turn. However, he knew that Beth had a different life than he did.

"I guess I just miss feeling clean. Being able to take a shower at the prison made me feel a bit normal, like a little getaway from this world and back to the oldâ€|" Beth further when she finally looked up from her diary and turned her eyes to him.

Daryl stopped what he was doing to listen to the area for any walkers first before replying. His eyes continued to scan proximity, "Being in this world for this longâ€|I forget that everything now is not normal."

"So are you admitting that you were made for this?"

Daryl looked at her, "I'm saying that I'm not made for '_trivial'_'."

Beth cracked a smile that had been recently reminding him a lot of innocence still left in the world, "I suppose I can't imagine you with the normal nine A.M. to five P.M. job and coming home to the typical housewife with three little children."

That made the man chuckle.

She smiled wilder, "But I can imagine you on our farmâ€|" Daryl stared at her as she explained. "I can picture you on our farm, checking the barn and crops in the morning, plowing the fields in the afternoon, and walking into our kitchen for dinner time. I think you were made for that life tooâ€|"

Their eyes locked while thoughts on what she said made Daryl think on how much she genuinely believe that he was a good man even before the turn, despite how much he explained to her what he had been doing with his brother on the other night when they were intoxicated.

Beth Greene was beginning to be his renewing hope for humanity again.

He cleared his throat and began his chore in preparing the logs again.

Beth put down her little journal and stood up wobbly-like with the intention to help him in anyway possible.

Daryl quickly objected, "Ah n'aw you dun't girl." He walked over, "You stay put."

"Daryl I can still help. It's just my ankle."

"Speaking of whichâ€¦" He trailed off his sentence as he lightly pulled her back down onto the log to have a seat. "Lemme have a look."

The man took off her boot and then her sock to look at her swelled up ankle. "It's lookin better, but let's keep the weight off as much as possible eh?"

Beth nodded with a wince while Daryl was putting her sock and boot back on.

"I'm almost done here. I'm going to get you back in the house before I start haulin these back."

"Don't you think I should stay out here with you?"

Daryl looked around his surroundings once more, "Noâ€¦ If there gets to be too many walkers out here, I can't protect you like a closet would at the house."

"But Daryl-

The man cut her off as he lifted her into his arms, "No buts."

Beth sighed and gave in, knowing that no matter how much she argued, it wouldn't matter.

He began his walk back to the house. The girl must have been a little tired because she rested his head on his shoulder, but he soon found out that it wasn't the case.

"Do you miss the others Daryl?" She asked him sullenly.

This subject was a soft spot for him, and he would avoid talking about it with anyone else, but with her he knew that it would help her cope with the ordeal and perhaps even help himself move on from the tragedy through her.

"More than a bath...or washing my face in the morning..."

That was a good enough an answer for Beth to accept even though it didn't exactly cheer her up. She closed her arms around his neck slightly tighter and kept her oncoming tears to herself.

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The sun had set a while ago, Daryl was able to seal up the property with the newly chopped logs just before dusk settled. They had what they considered 'dinner' before Daryl did another perimeter check.

Like usual, Daryl could find Beth in the viewing room with the coffin and the piano. He stood at the doorway like he did the last couple of days to listen to her play and sing to the piano.

He could find calmness in her voice and peace from a tiring day, even though he had often told her that her singing was irritable. In a

solemn place like the mortuary, her voice ironically complimented it like a tragic scene in a movie.

The redneck quietly strolled up behind her while she was still playing and singing. Almost gently, he said "Let's get you upstairs."

Beth continued to play her song on the keys, "I'll get up there on my own. Lay down, let me sing to you."

Daryl was worried about her ankle and how she was going to get upstairs to the bedroom, but her siren's song was hard to resist especially after having a physically grueling day.

He put down his crossbow, which meant he could let his guard down slightly, and hopped up into the coffin to lie down.

"What song would you like to hear tonight?" She asked in the softest voice.

The man thought about it, "Do you remember when we were at the prison yard the first night we found it? You sang that songâ€¦I..I don't remember what it's called."

The notes of the current song she was playing trailed off into the notes of "The Parting Glass." Daryl's eyes grew heavy so he shut them, but his mind was still attempted to be alert.

Nevertheless, his dedicated concentration on keeping her safe was no match for her angelic heavenly voice. He had never heard such a beautiful voice like hers beforeâ€¦

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Beth Greene gently made her way down the stairs of the mortuary house. Her feet carefully and slowly touched each downward step so not to create any creaks that the old house could make. She didn't want to wake Daryl.

As softly as she could, she opened the front door and peered out first to make sure there were no walkers in the area. Luckily for her, there were no walkers in sight.

The girl closed the door soundlessly behind her before making her way over the string of cans and bottles lined up around the entrance to alert them of walkers.

Once a few feet away from the house, she relaxed herself enough to move freely. Her ankle was still bothering her, but she wanted to do this.

She and Daryl had found a creek nearby the house. From the conversation she had yesterday with him, she had been fantasizing how great it would be to take a dip in the creek to wash off all the dirt and sweat.

It took a little while due to her poor ankle, but she found the creek. She looked at the inviting water as it glistened from the sun. It sparkled like no other.

"What're yuh doing?"

Beth abruptly turned around to the voice that startled her to find Daryl standing there armed with his crossbow.

"Iâ€¦" She didn't know how to answer since she was shy about the real truth and because she felt guilty for being sneaky about it.

Daryl grew frustrated regardless with whatever her reason turned out to be, "You can't just leave my side and head out when you want to! It's not safe by yourself especially with that busted ankle!"

"I know Daryl, I know that." Beth argued back but she didn't raise her voice due to knowing that he was just being protective.

"Then what're ya doin here." He pressed out roughly.

The girl glanced at the water, then looked back to him, "I wantedâ€¦I wanted to wash upâ€¦It's been so longâ€¦"

Finally, Daryl remembered the conversation they had yesterday about feeling normal with showering and feeling clean. He understood; however, his logical survival sense was more dominant, "You can't just wash off here, there are other dangers than walkers Beth."

Beth looked away in disappointment.

Much to Daryl's stern demeanor, her upset face bothered him. For some reason unbeknownst to himself, he couldn't understand why he didn't like to see her upset.

He relented and suddenly turned around. This confused Beth.

After a minute or so where they both didn't do anything, Daryl murmured, "Go aheadâ€¦I'll stay watch."

Beth felt hot in the face for she surely knew that her cheeks had tints of pink if not red. "Darylâ€¦Iâ€¦ca-"

"This is the only safe way. You best take advantage of it girl, or else you won't be clean for a long time."

It was true. Beth knew that he was right. She knew of the dangers that he was talking about, despite the fact that she still believed that there were good people in the world. Daryl was the only one she trusted at this point.

Very shyly, she began to undress.

Daryl's keen ear could hear her take layers of her clothes off. He became uneasy as he felt his heart beat lively against his chest. He cleared his throat, "Make it quick."

To distract himself, he concentrated on the area in case of any strangers and walkers nearing by.

Beth made her way slowly into the creek until the water reached her shoulders. The water was crispy cold like the morning air; nevertheless, it was the best feeling she had in a while.

Her eyes looked toward the sparkles of the water and then up to the sun. There were actually cumulous clouds today. It was peacefully quiet as well, something she rarely had.

She closed her eyes and breathed in the smell of the nature before opening them again to look at the back of Daryl Dixon. She smiled at him and suddenly had the realization that she was happy that she had survived with him.

They didn't know how much time had passed, but it appeared to be awhile. Beth was enjoying the water and Daryl didn't have the heart to disturb her.

-_Snap_-

Daryl head jerked toward the direction of the sound. His senses in overload, he held up his crossbow defensively, "Stay here, dun't move."

Beth started to worry for her apparent vulnerability, she would easily be subjected to a dangerous situation. She looked in all different kinds of directions frantically after hearing another snap.

"Darylâ€|?" She called out for him but there was no answer. As best as she could, she attempted to hastily get out of the water. Something caught onto her injured foot, which felt like a hand and started to pull her under the water.

Immediately panicking, Beth fought her way to surface the water as she felt the hand try to pull her further underneath. "D-Daryl!" She screamed his name in hopes of his rescue, "Dary! Daryl Help!"

Each time she went underneath, the water choked her lungs and she could quickly feel herself getting dizzy and weak from the lack of air.

In the final attempt to get free, she used her strong foot and kicked the head of whoever it was pulling her underwater. It worked as she felt herself float to the surface.

Once free to breathe, she hysterically swam out of the water and snatched her grey cardigan before attempting to run. Right away, she was stopped from someone appearing in front of her.

The girl screamed as loud of as could when she felt an immediate embrace but was soon met with a hand clasped over her mouth. "Shh, shh, Beth it's me!" Daryl tried to whisper.

She was completely bare, even with her holding the grey cardigan to cover her front self. Daryl immediately took off his leather vest to put it around her before taking her back into his hold.

He waited for her to calm a bit down, "What happened!"

"Someone grabbed my foot and tried to pull me down! I didn't see who it was!" She was able to say while trying to catch her breath.

Daryl scanned around once more for danger. He held one arm around her as he lowered down slightly to grab the rest of her clothes and

boots, "We got to go, c'mon.. Can you walk?"

"I can try." Beth sniffled frightened tears. She took a couple of steps with his help before yelping at the pain, "Ah! He grabbed my ankle."

Daryl scooped her immediately into his arms and started to run toward the direction of the house.

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"Drink this." The muscular redneck handed Beth a cup of warm water that he must have warmed up skillfully with the fireplace and pot downstairs,

Beth was resting upstairs in the bedroom. After the traumatic event that just happened, she just needed to be by herself for a moment.

The girl sipped on the water but held it in her hands to warm herself up. Daryl sat down on the bed in front of her, "Feelin better?"

Beth didn't answer except to look down in her cup.

"I shouldn't have left you aloneâ€¦I..I th-thought it was something..and I.." Daryl had difficulty explaining his guilt.

"It happened right after you leftâ€¦There must have been more than one keeping watch and causing a distraction. They must have seen meâ€¦" She trailed off her sentence and looked away uncomfortably. She pulled her cardigan closer to herself.

"Did he do anything to you?" He asked, and one could hear the anger in his voice.

Beth shook her head shamefully, "It never got to that pointâ€¦but I was a fool for even going out there. You were right.."

"We have to get out of here. This place isn't safe anymore Beth."

"But how far can we travel with my ankle like this and where can we go. Even if we leave this place, we'll be out in the open and whoever it is can get to us easily." She looked at him honestly, "I'm a liability for youâ€¦"

"Don't matter." Daryl mumbled after a long stare. "It's either you're with me or I'm ain't leavin."

She was his last connection to humanity, his last reason to not lose it like Rick had when he lost Lori. He broke his eyes away from hers to look around the room, "We need to definitely booby-trap the crap out of this house then. At least until your ankle is better."

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It was a long night for Beth. She had a difficult time sleeping after what had happened at the creek even with Daryl sleeping outside her door.

Throughout the whole night she tried to look through her memory to see if she had caught a glimpse of the one who tried to drown her.

There was no conclusion. In addition, she even wondered how there could have been anyone been at the creek. It was completely empty when they arrived and there was no way anyone could enter without either one of them noticing.

She pushed the thoughts and questions to the back of her mind when she saw the light coming into the room, signaling that it was dawn. It gave her a reason to get up out of bed and leave the room.

"Daryl?" Beth called from the door to let him know that she was opening it. She didn't want to open it and have Daryl fall back to the floor.

There wasn't an answer from him. The girl began to feel scared. She opened the door and surely enough Daryl wasn't there.

"Daryl?" She said his name again as she climbed down the stairs.

"Beth wait." Daryl finally replied when she almost got to the bottom of the stairs. She halted and waited for him to appear from the other room.

He looked at the foot of the stairs, there were wooden spikes he must have carved himself the night before. "Rick told me that a friend of his did this when he went to his old neighborhood."

"Yeah, but Daryl is it really necessary? The place is sealed up pretty tight."

Daryl looked at her seriously, "Ya bet is is." He softened his stare and extended his arms over the spiked floor, "C'mon, come here."

Shyly, Beth let him take her and lifted her over the booby-trapped floor. He helped her walk as he showed her the other tricks he set up.

"Be careful of the front door, don't go through it at night." He pointed at above the door where a make shift guillotine was aimed at whoever was going to set foot in the house.

When he helped her walk past the living room on the way to the kitchen, Beth saw that the living room was filled with wooden spiked crossing each other at certain vulnerable areas of the room. They passed by the viewing room where the piano was, and even that room looked exactly the same way.

"Daryl-" She started to say before he interrupted her.

"I dun't want to hear it."

He helped her to the kitchen for breakfast. First he sat her down on top at an empty space of the table to check her ankle. He knelt down to take off her boot and sock.

"Daryl, I can't even play the piano in there. I might even accidentally hurt myself just by stumblin' around. Daryl, seriously you didn't have to-"

The muscular man stood up "I have to." His eyes buried deep in hers to let her know that he was serious. "I ain't about to take any chances this time. You and I are the last survivors of the prison, if something happens to you then I'm the only one left, and I ain't letting that happen."

Beth gave in and nodded so he could finish examining her foot.

"Damnâ€¦It's worseâ€¦." Daryl said under his breath.

"It feels worse.." Beth confirmed.

The man began to wrap it up again in the bandages, but tighter then before which made Beth yelp a few times from the aching moments of pain, "We'll leave in a couple of days when it's better."

Her face saddened slightly just as he stood and saw the glimpse of it. She knew he wanted an explanation, "I liked this placeâ€¦.I thought it could be a place to settle for the both of usâ€¦"

Daryl suspected that it was what she was going to say, "I know that's what yuh hoped for, but you know that it isn't safe anymore."

Beth nodded depressingly before she got off the table and limped her way around the table to sit in the chair for breakfast.

He hated seeing her this way; sad. She had lost so much already, and it seemed like every hope she ever had since the prison-fell on was ruined for her.

Reasons that Daryl couldn't understand, he felt the desire to give her everything she wanted. It was getting harder and harder for him to say no to what she wanted.

The man sat down on the chair opposite to her. He watched her take the half a jar of peanut butter and open it so she could depressingly just look at it. He looked down before speaking, "I'll find a way for us to stay here."

Beth looked to him with a little excitement, "You mean itâ€¦?"

He didn't want to promise her something he couldn't bring to the table, so he simply just avoided by answering, "C'mon, let's eat."

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"Daryl, I don't think it's a good idea!" Beth exclaimed while she watched him gather supplies and all the weapons he could find in the house.

They were in the bedroom upstairs, Beth was resting on the bed because she couldn't really move her foot without furthering injure it.

Daryl put his leg up on the chair in the room so he could strap a knife near his ankle before he replied, "You're the one that wants to stay."

"Daryl seriously, we can leave. I just don't want you to be in danger." She worriedly argued as he was adjusting all the newly put weight of weapons on him.

The man grunted, "I won't be."

"You're tracking god knows how many of these people. You don't know if they are armed or what kind people they are. It's not a good idea, seriously!"

"I have to keep you safe!" He shouted, but settled his frustration when he saw that it intimidated her. "I'll be back by morning if I don't find anything.. You'll be safe. The only way in is through the front door and you saw the trap I laid out for any dick that wants to come in."

He stalked out of the room before she could say anything else. He could hear her call his name tensely, trying to get him to stay behind, but he knew that he had to do this.

The Governor was never found and dealt with and Beth lost her father. He wasn't going to let her lose anything else, especially her life.

Once outside of the house, Daryl focused all his attention on his surroundings. He held up his crossbow at level to aim it, eyes determined. Like an animal hunting its prey, he channeled his instincts and natural skills to find the son of a bitch that laid a hand on Beth.

The woods were quiet and the full moon shined. Daryl knew that if the people that hurt Beth were anywhere nearby, he would surely find some trace if he investigated the creek.

It would have been easier to track in the day, but if he had found himself in any trouble, it would be hard for him to disappear.

He starts at the creek, circling the perimeter, and what he was found was baffling. "Damnâ€¦!"

Through the some trees that covered another part of the lake, he could see how someone could easily sneak over just by entering in through the other side of creek and swimming over quietly. The trees covered it well.

That's how they must have gotten to Beth. Daryl cursed at himself more until he shined a flashlight at the dirt floor and saw the dried

up footprints. Someone must have definitely took a dip in the creek and walked out with wet feet.

He followed the footprints and it led him through the trees once more. Furthering himself through the signs, he found an executed walker.

The head had been blow apart, just as if they faced the end of a shotgun, which Daryl heard at a distance being cocked and triggered.

Instantly, Daryl jerked around and leveled his crossbow in direction his keen ear heard the trigger. In the midst of the moonlight, a man came into view.

It was a man about Daryl's age. He was just as dirty from trekking through the forest, just as tall and muscular. His hair was short but burly, eyes as disgusting. In his hands had a shotgun aimed like Daryl had his crossbow aimed at him.

"My my, what do we got he'reâ€|" He said tauntingly with the same redneck drawl that Daryl had. "Looks like I got myself a brethren he're."

"Ain't no ties man." Daryl drew closer. He knew for a fact that this was the prick that hunted Beth in that creek.

"Sure ther'e are." The man said while drawing closer too, "We're all brothers out he're. We got to look out for each of other
Daryl."

Daryl's eyes widened slightly, "You've been watching us for awhile.."

The man smiled sinisterly, "Only yesterday actuallyâ€|I watched that blonde bimbo undressâ€|I heard scream your name when I caught her under the waterâ€|I hoped she'd scream my name tooâ€|
_Buck_â€|"

"Bettuh watch yuh mouth prick."

"You think yuh crossbow is as quick as my shotgun?"

"Depends if you're even quick at all."

His words made Daryl sick, bubbling the anger at the pit of his stomach. He could feel his hands shaking from the gripping the crossbow.

"Give m'eh a dam reasonâ€|" Daryl growled, his finger already itching to launch the arrow.

"C'mon Daryl, why be enemies when we can help each other survive in this hell hole." Buck snickered, "All you have to do is share the gir-"

Before Buck could finish his sentence, an arrow from Daryl's crossbow pierced at his heart. "Ah! You son of bitch! You actually did it!" He fell to the ground in agonizing pain as he tried to stop the bleeding.

Daryl stalked up to him, pulled his knife from the holster, and lowered it to his neck. "How many of you are out here huhâ€|"

Buck laughed menacingly, "You think you won Darylâ€|Yuh don't know anythingâ€|We already won..heh.." He started coughing the up blood, "Yuh lostâ€|"

That got Daryl's attention, "What do yuh mean by that?" Buck was beginning to fade away, but Daryl needed the answer. He grabbed his shirt, "Hey! Hey! What did you mean by that!"

Buck chuckled evilly, "Your gurl's probably dun-dead by now. My brother's got a way with getting into places no matter how much you booby trap them son."

Daryl plunged his knife in his head, ending his life. Right away, he picked up the crossbow and shotgun and headed back to the house as fast as his feet could carry.

He didn't stop his sprint until he got to the house. "Beth!" He shouted as he smashed through a window and used the shotgun to shoot away the wood sealing it from the inside. "Beth!"

Daryl jumped through the window but aimed the shotgun when he was on his feet. He inspected the rooms hastily before making his way up to the bedroom. His heart stopped when he got to door, he had to calm himself and not fear the worse.

He carefully opened the door, but there was nothing. The bed looked disturbed, the covers were all on the floor and there was blood on the sides of the pillow. He started to fear the worse until looked around the room and saw that window had been broken out.

Quickly, Daryl went over to examine it. Let alone behold that when he peered down the window, beth was at the bottom. She was unconscious and sprawled faced up.

"Beth!" He yelled when he saw walkers advancing in on her.

Immediately, he sprinted down the stairs and jumped right out of the window he came in from. Walkers were getting close, his knife plunged in numerous ones before he made it to her fallen body.

Daryl knelt beside her and took her into his arm, he check her pulse first. She was alive. He looked to her face, it was so bloodied that he didn't know what was going on. Not only that was her face covered in blood, but when he held the back of her head, he could feel his hand sopped with blood.

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